# TOIL AND TROUBLE
## ISSUE 1 - "Each Drop of Us" – FINAL VERSION
**by Mairghread Scott 11/4/14**

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PANEL 1: A fleet of ships is on the ocean. We watch them approach from the shore. [Location: near Tayport, time: noonish]

CAPTION: Fate is like the tide, only the strongest can move against it, and only for so long.

CAPTION: You'd think I'd have learned that already.

PANEL 2: The ships get closer and we see they are filled with armed men. In front of them, a woman, Smertae starts to walk out of the water. Harpier (white crab) is tangled in her hair.

CAPTION: My sisters, Riata and Cait, disagreed and exiled me for nine years because of it. It's the reason I return home in the company of invaders.

PANEL 3: Smertae stands on the beach as the men scramble onto it. But where they are rushed and running, Smertae is taking in the landscape.

CAPTION: My final humiliation.

MACDONWALD (O.P.): Good morrow, Captain. How fairs Norway?

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PANEL 1:	MACDONWALD approaches a NORWEGIAN CAPTAIN. Macdonwald holds his arms out like he's seeing an old friend.  Smertae stands behind them. Harpier sits in her hand, agitated.

NORWEGIAN CAPTAIN:	We shall see, my thane. If we can take Kinloss by sundown, I think we have a chance. But I fear the Scottish forces will not go quietly.

MACDONWALD:	You forget, we have Scottish forces of our own. Men eager to fight for me and my cause. The name Macdonwald still carries weight here.

HARPIER:	!!! <angry squiggles>

SMERTAE:	Don't snap, Harpier.  Just get me to the circle.

PANEL 2:	The Norwegian Captain gestures out to the ships in the harbor. Harpier's form stretches and morphs as he begins to transform.

SMERTAE:	We'll paint the stones with their blood soon enough.

MACDONWALD:	Once King Duncan's been defeated, the others will fall in line. Get me to Forres and Norway will trade a bitter enemy for a welcome ally.

PANEL 3:	Macdonwald gazes admiringly at the ships, confident, proud. Harpier is now a white horse. Smertae mounts him.

CAPTION:	No king has ever ruled this land without our consent.

NORWEGIAN CAPTAIN:	Then by your leave, I'll see your camp. My men can not fight while still a'ship.

PANEL 4:	Smertae and Harpier  take off into the forrest. A carrion crow watches in one of the trees.

CAPTION:	And even Riata would not put this fool, Macdonwald, on the throne.

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PANEL 1: Smertae and Harpier (horse) ride through a dense forest. In the foreground is the skull of a red deer stag, scraps of flesh clinging to it.

CAPTION: Three witches rule Scotland, the land called Alba by those who remember.

CAPTION: Three witches have ruled it since before the ice returned. Before Doggerland fell into the sea.

PANEL 2: Smertae and Harpier ride through a lush meadow. In the foreground is a young red deer stag, strong and healthy.

CAPTION: We guide it to its full potential. We guard it from its enemies.

PANEL 3: Smertae and Harpier ride across a barren moor, a stone circle is ahead of them, sitting on top of a ridge.

CAPTION: We lead it on the path the Gods decree.

PANEL 4: Smertae and Harpier reach the circle, standing at its center is a bonfire that casts weird shadows from it. But no one else is there.

CAPTION: The Norns fall silent and the Moirai fade into their own weave, but the witches of Alba endure.

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PANEL 1: Smertae dismounts and we see a BLACK SNAKE (PADDOCK) hiss at her feet. A RED KITE (GRAYMALKIN) swoops low at her head, but she doesn't seem frightened. She greets the snake.

SNAKE: Hsss

CAPTION: We will always endure.

SMERTAE: Hail and honor, Paddock. Where is your mistress? Where's Cait?

PANEL 2: CAIT sits at the foot of a standing stone, rooted to the spot she's in, more tree than human. Paddock (snake) slithers toward her.

CAIT: She waits to greet you, Smertae. And she apologizes for having so prickly a familiar.

PANEL 3: Cait pulls herself up from the ground. Smertae smiles warmly at her.

CAIT: Paddock was always more hedgepig than snake.

SMERTAE: It is good to see you, Cait. It is good to feel you beneath my feet once more.

CAIT: Still the flatterer. I told you when you joined us, honeyed words will get you everywhere.

PANEL 4: Cait embraces Smertae warmly. Cait now looks fully human.

CAIT: Now give these old bones a little of your warmth, Smertae.

SMERTAE: Always.

PANEL 5: RIATA floats above the top of the same standing stone. Graymalkin (kite) clings to her shoulder.

RIATA: If your pleasantries are over, perhaps we should focus on matters more in keeping with the time and place.

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PANEL 1: BIG PANEL - As all three witches are here, Cait standing and Riata floating to the ground. Cait looks over to Smertae.

CAIT (small): Riata is glad to see you as well. But that would mean admitting to something.

RIATA: Do you want my love, Smertae, or do you want to rid our shores of the filth you came here with?

RIATA: War has come to Alba. If your...journey...has not altered you I would think you would want to do something about it.

PANEL 2: SMALL INSERT - ECU SMERTAE - With a rakish smile on her face. Her teeth have a jagged, shark-like look for a moment.

SMERTAE: A more fitting welcome does not spring to mind, Riata.

SMERTAE: By all means, explain your plan.

PANEL 3: Riata smiles a little. She's still condescending to Smertae, but this they agree on. Cait grumbles her line. Paddock (snake) is tangled in Cait's antlers.

RIATA: Two armies will fight on the morrow: King Duncan's forces against those of Norway.

SMERTAE: Norway is not alone in their efforts. The traitorous thane, Macdonwald, has joined them. I saw him with a Norwegian captain.

CAIT: Hm. It's not unexpected. The entire clan has always put their own needs before their nation.

PANEL 1: CLOSE ON RIATA - As she looks to Graymalkin (kite). The bird hunches on her hand, its talons intwining through her fingers. Graymalkin preens a little, looking proud.

RIATA: True. The augury says that Macdonwald will face none other than Macbeth upon the morrow. The thane of the land of Cawdor will meet Norway's main force.

PANEL 2: Include Smertae in the shot. Harpier clings to her shoulder spikes. Graymalkin eyes Harpier hungrily.

SMERTAE: Then we must aid Macbeth. Do we cut down the clan Macdonwald or just its sire?

RIATA: Neither.

PANEL 3: CLOSE ON SMERTAE - Completely surprised.

SMERTAE: Neither?

PANEL 4: ON RIATA - She's being firm and Graymalkin backs his mistress up by spreading his wings a little, threatening.

RIATA: King Duncan's son is destined to be king himself, but I fear he is not yet ready. Prince Malcolm is untested, unbloodied, and his father's death fast approaches.

RIATA: It is a condition that must be corrected.

GRAYMALKIN: kee

PANEL 5: Smertae glares at Riata. But Cait breaks in. Paddock (snake) hisses at the two familiars, echoing Cait.

SMERTAE: So we have gone from crowning kings to swaddling them?

RIATA: Watch your tongue, Smertae. You are not so far from shore that you can not be sent back across it.

CAIT: Peace, Sisters.

PADDOCK: hsssh!

PANEL 1: Riata backs off. Behind her we see a faint VISION of a battle with a young Malcolm in the midst (Note: We don't have to have a great look at him, just a sense it's him, we could even have an outline and just his torque to distinguish him).

RIATA: Peace, indeed. Your thane, Macbeth, is to lose in battle, but the main Norwegians driven off. Prince Malcolm will be forced to cut Macdonwald down himself and defend against the foreigners' harassment.

PANEL 2: We now see just the vision (or outline) of Malcolm. A crown is added to his torque and outfit.

RIATA: It will raise him in both experience and esteem. When King Duncan dies, the thanes will surely elect him.

PANEL 3: Smertae is pissed, but holding back. Harpier hides in her hair.

SMERTAE: And what part are each of us to play in this, Riata? I'm sure you've written down our roles.

PANEL 4: Riata gives Smertae a small, mean sort of smile like: "I know you hate this." Graymalkin should be visible here, but does not need to be prominent.

RIATA: Graymalkin and I will handle the Norwegians, prep the battle. Cait and Paddock will help you and Harpier deal with Macbeth tonight and join me on the morrow.

RIATA: It will fall to you and your familiar to make sure the outcome is as planned.

PANEL 5: Smertae sneers, but Cait steps between them, trying to cover the awkwardness here.

CAIT: A task she'll gladly perform, Riata.

RIATA: Truly? Smertae says nothing herself.

PANEL 6: CLOSE ON SMERTAE - she has to say this. She's being a good soldier.

SMERTAE: I hear and I obey.

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PANEL 1: Things are settling down between the three of them. But Cait stays between them.

CAIT: When shall we meet again?

RIATA: When this hurly-burly's done. Once the battle's lost -- and won -- we'll gather.

PANEL 2: Smertae is resigned. Riata starts to transform. Her face is more bird-like here.

SMERTAE: Name the place.

RIATA: The heath. Now to your work, all of you.

PANEL 3: CLOSE ON RIATA - As Riata turns into a bird. Here she looks like a giant bird monster (Howl's Moving Castle-style).

RIATA: Tend to Macdonwald, and Macbeth. Anon.

PANEL 4: Wider - Riata (as another red kite) and Graymalkin fly away as the others watch them go. The fire goes out.

SMERTAE: Anon.

PANEL 1: It's now almost night, soldiers set up crude tents around camp-fires. Smertae and Cait stand by the furthest fire. [Location: Macbeth's camp near Forres.]

CAIT: It's been a long time since last I was in such a large camp.

SMERTAE: It's been a long time since I was asked to curse Scottish soldiers.

CAIT: Are foreigners so much more worthy of death, Smertae?

SMERTAE: Foreign soldiers had foreign spirits to protect them, Cait. I saw no hekser when I was with their fleet. I fear they don't exist anymore.

PANEL 2: Cait approaches one soldier and touches his shoulder. The man's skin starts to crumble and green, as if moss is eating it away.

CAIT: All the more reason for us to stay together. We can't allow our-selves to rot away as others have.

SMERTAE: This work seems too easy now. How can he withstand your rot, when you rot him from within?

CAIT: Men have survived far worse than this little nudge. You know I'd never do more.

PANEL 3: They walk through camp; Smertae touches a horse harness, which cracks and dries.

SMERTAE: I'm well aware of that, Cait. No song of battle as armies clash. No blessings of strength or wisdom.

SMERTAE: Just nudges, and whispers and fraying leather.

CAIT: I don't need to hear this.

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PANEL: They pass a campfire with a rabbit cooking on a spit over it. Smertae touches a man's head and we see a ghostly image of his head with a spear impaling him through the eye. Cait runs her finger along the meat on the spit and it starts to rot where she touches it.

CAIT: We swore a sacred oath not to influence them directly, Smertae. To enter no heart unless invited. To never hoist men up beyond what they could reach themselves.

CAIT: You think Prince Malcolm being untested is dangerous? You should have seen the kings blessed too much by those like us.

PANEL 2: Closer on Smertae and the man, who is now clearly frightened out of his wits.

SMERTAE: No one is suggesting that the god-kings return.

CAIT: Then don't suggest you break your oath either. Be home, Smertae. Be content.

PANEL 3: Both women look toward an off-panel sound.

CAIT: And remember that we serve the Wheel of Fate. The Wheel does not serve us--

SFX: WHK!

PANEL 4: MACBETH and BANQUO spar with each other using wooden swords and shields. They are fighting in front of Macbeth's tent, but it's a friendly practice match. Macbeth blocks a top-to-down strike from Banquo.

MACBETH: Again you overshoot! Focus, Banquo!

BANQUO: Nonsense. I merely forget how short you are when not a'horse.

CAIT: Ah, there they are. Macbeth and Banquo.

PANEL 5: Smertae is not happy seeing this.

CAIT: Think on the bright side, Smertae. You only have to kill one of them.

CAPTION: Cait's words are hollow. Even cruel.

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PANEL 1: Macbeth spars with Banquo. The fight is starting to get serious. Macbeth shield bashes against Banquo.

MACBETH: This is not the time for jest, Banquo.

CAPTION: He looks much older than the years alone can explain. Macbeth, the grim-faced soldier ready to die.

PANEL 2: FLASHBACK - It's summer and sunny. Macbeth hoists a small boy, LULACH, into the air. He looks younger here, happier.

LULACH: Rarr!

MACBETH: Ah! A pouncing lion! A raging wolf is upon me.

CAPTION: My doing, my nudging, brought about this tragedy.

PANEL 3: Macbeth spars with Banquo. Macbeth swings hard at Banquo's arm, but Banquo barely dodges.

MACBETH: Jest will not save you on the battlefield.

CAPTION: My whispers ripped away his happiness.

PANEL 4: FLASHBACK - Macbeth is on the ground with Lulach on him (it's one of those moments where parents pretend their kinds are so strong they're been pinned). Macbeth look to LADY MACBETH, who smiles warmly at them.

LADY MACBETH: My worthy thane, you are defeated; Macbeth is clearly slain.

MACBETH: Aye, and 'twas quickly done, my lady.

CAPTION: And all for naught.

PANEL 1: Macbeth spars with Banquo. Banquo uses Macbeth's swing to step in close and trips him.

BANQUO: Neither will duty save you in the clash.

BANQUO: Recall, Macbeth, that those who seek their doom are often doomed to find it.

CAPTION: Destroying this man did not help Alba.

PANEL 2: FLASHBACK - Macbeth hugs Lulach. Lady Macbeth looks to Smertae, who appears at the edge of frame.

LADY MACBETH: Good morrow, Nurse.

SMERTAE: Good morrow, my Lady.

CAPTION: Destroying him did not spare me from exile.

PANEL 3: Macbeth is on the ground with Banquo's sword at his throat. Banquo has a little 'told ya' so' half-smile. Macbeth is disgusted with himself.

BANQUO: You are defeated, Sirrah.

MACBETH: Aye. It is so.

CAPTION: And yet, despite all that, I am to destroy Macbeth all over again.

CAIT (small and hard to read, O.P.): Smertae...

PANEL 4: Smertae is shocked back to the present by Cait.

CAIT: Smertae!

SMERTAE: Apologies, Cait. I did not hear you.

CAIT: I gathered that much already. I mentioned only that Paddock spotted Malcolm. The princeling comes this way.

PANEL 1: BIG PANEL - As Banquo helps Macbeth to his feet, MALCOLM (an Orange County kid if there was one) rides up on a white horse. [Would love for two guards on horseback to be somewhat visible, but that's not vital].

MALCOLM: What ho! Banquo defeats Macbeth? Perhaps my father chose the wrong commander for this engagement.

BANQUO: Prince Malcolm. This is unexpected.

PANEL 2: Macbeth and Banquo bow slightly. Malcolm waves them off.

MACBETH: Long live King Duncan!

BANQUO: And long live his son. What brings you to the battlefront?

MALCOLM: What man needs a reason to wish to see battle?

PANEL 3: Malcolm gestures to Macbeth's tent.

MACBETH: I would not be so eager for it, my lord. It is not deer we hope to slaughter tomorrow.

MALCOLM: You sound like my father. Come, let me dine with you. Hopefully dear Banquo will have more amusing tales.

PANEL 4: All three men walk into the tent. Smertae and Cait stand outside it.

BANQUO: Of course! We were about to sit for supper and there is nothing to brighten a table so much as good company.

MACBETH: As you command, my prince.

PANEL 5: Smertae raises her hand and it begins to rain. Cait walks toward the tent.

CAIT: A handsome prince on a white horse. Young Malcolm does not seem to be a dullard.

SMERTAE: War is not won in bardic tales. Nor is beauty the mark of anything but itself.

CAIT: Your blood is entirely too cold, Smertae.

[NOTE: While I'm giving them actions to keep them active, the witches should never be the focus of these scene. Cut anything that's distracting.]

PANEL 1: A trestle table is already set with wine and apples. Malcolm plops down in a chair, no manners, as Macbeth and Banquo sit on either side of him. Cait is visible behind them.

MALCOLM: My father tells me you are one of his finest thanes, Macbeth. A true soldier.

MACBETH: A soldier I can claim, but it is for King Duncan alone to decide who his better thanes are.

MALCOLM: How many men have you killed in battle?

PANEL 2: Banquo is surprised at this question and Macbeth is clearly shocked, but Malcolm is oblivious to their concerns. He stabs an apple with a knife. Smertae sits on the edge of the table, but no one notices.

BANQUO: Surely there are happier matters to discuss in such times, Prince Malcolm.

MALCOLM: Happier? What could be happier that the warmth of the enemy's blood on your armor? Than watching the light drain from a man's eyes??

CAPTION: He rambled on like this for far too long.

PANEL 3: Malcolm takes a bite of the apple while it's still on his knife. He's unaware as Paddock (snake) eyes the apple, hanging from Cait's horns.

MALCOLM: When the thanes elect me king after my father, I shall never shrink from battle. Yet even now my King Duncan is the one that holds me back at the castle.

MALCOLM: I should be out there, leading our army to glory! I would have Macdonwald's head on a spike by midday!

CAPTION: Claiming to be able to kill a man as one would kill a fleeing hind in the forest.

PANEL 4: This is clearly upsetting to Macbeth. Harpier crawls across the table. Macbeth looks down into his drink, saying quietly:

MACBETH: Macdonwald is a formidable opponent, your highness.

MALCOLM: Maybe for a thane, Macbeth. But not for a prince.

CAPTION: Malcom praised those who die in battle the way only someone who has never seen it before can do.

PANEL 5: A servant brings in a large smoked fish (salmon, maybe with purslane) flat pieces of stale bread are placed in front of each man. [Note: There's a knife to cut the salmon, and any of the characters can have a knife, but NO FORKS!] Cait and Smertae are seated on the table, their feet among the plates, unconcerned.

MALCOLM: But then I suppose it is not up to me. You must kill Macdonwald in my place, Macbeth. Or beat him within an inch of his life and bring him to me. So that I may see the traitor die with my own eyes.

CAPTION: Spewing air and fantasy as if it proved his valor.

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PANEL 1: More bread and a cheese is there to finish the meal. Macbeth is clearly unhappy. Malcolm accidentally cuts his hand a little with his knife and sucks in air through his teeth in pain. Cait watches.

CAPTION: When he clearly had no valor at all.

MALCOLM: Pfft! First blood spilled already it seems.

MALCOLM: Hopefully the only drop of blood spilled on our side of the fight.

PANEL 2: Malcolm wraps a cloth over his hand. Macbeth rises from the table. 1000% done with this. Smertae stands behind him, approving.

MACBETH: Your Highness, as much as I have enjoyed your company, I beg your pardon to leave. The long and bloody work of tomorrow is close at hand and I would like to face the enemy rested.

PANEL 3: Malcolm stands and Banquo stands with him. Both Banquo and Macbeth bow slightly.

MALCOLM: Of course, and I must return to my own work. Macbeth. Banquo. God be with you both.

BANQUO: And also with you.

PANEL 4: Malcolm leaves the tent and Cait turns to Smertae. Cait's limbs starts to stretch as she turns into a stag. Her antlers grow more prominent.

SMERTAE: That boy--

CAIT: --is as unimportant as any mortal. Malcolm will be dead in less than a century. In another, he'll be a name in a book no one reads.

CAIT: All that matters is that he live long enough to fulfill his role.

CAIT: As must we all, Smertae.

PANEL 5: Cait (almost fully a black stag) looks up at Smertae. [NOTE: Paddock is still in her antlers.]

CAIT: Paddock and I must go to help Riata and make sure our little hero doesn't die before his time. May the Wheel be with you always.

SMERTAE: Until we meet again, Cait.

PANEL 1: Cait (a full black stag) steps out into the night and drops her head to the ground. Paddock slithers to the edge of her antlers to look her in the eye.

CAIT: Be my eyes, Paddock. Just in case.

PANEL 2: Paddock slithers away into the grass.

NO CAPTION, NO SFX

PANEL 3: INSIDE THE TENT - Keep Smertae just in frame, but the focus is on Banquo and Macbeth. Macbeth is looking down into his glass. Banquo tries to lighten the mood.

BANQUO: Why so quiet, my friend? Is the Thane of Glamis, the great Macbeth, not heartened by the ramblings of an unbearded boy?

MACBETH: All reports say that Macdonwald's number and arms best us two to one. He's knows this region as well as we do.

PANEL 4: Closer on Macbeth. This is a man who expects and is willing to die.

MACBETH: You know I will fight to the last beat of my own heart. But I do not expect to see the sun set tomorrow.

MACBETH: You have a son, Banquo. Fleance needs you. If--

PANEL 5: Banquo stands up, cutting Macbeth off. Macbeth can't help but smile a little.

BANQUO: --when. When we stand together and watch the stars come out to-morrow, I will mock you terribly, old friend.

BANQUO: Now, I'm to bed. Any more wine and I'll likely split my own head open before Macdonwald has his chance.

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PANEL 1: Macbeth gets up from his seat and walks over to a cot in the corner. He unbuckles his sword off himself as he passes a stand with a suit of chainmail armor on it (with a small metal helm, with some kind of pattern on it). Smertae stands near the armor. [Note: for the 'spell' lines I'd love these to be integrated into the image somehow, appearing in reflections, that kind of thing. As if the words themselves are the magic. If that's crazy pants, let's just have Smertae say the spell lines.]

CAPTION: Three curses I laid on Macbeth that night.

CAPTION: On the man who knew me as his first-born's nursemaid.

CAPTION: Who welcomed me into his home.

[NOTE: These next three are in paired rows, a curse with a memory, you can even recycle the Flashback panels and just use close-ups. The curse is more important.]

ROW 1, PANEL 2: CLOSE on where Smertae touches his armor. Droplets of rusty water appear on it. Rivulets of water run down the sword as well.

CAPTION: I laid my curse upon his blade.

SPELL:With the waters of the seventh wave, from which there is no return, I curse you.

ROW 1, PANEL 3: FLASHBACK - On the sunlit Macbeth, smiling.

NO CAPTION, NO SFX

ROW 2, PANEL 4: Macbeth strips off his clothes (people slept naked at this time, but keep it PG-13). Smertae touches his shoulder and black lines of energy travel toward his chest along his circulatory system.

CAPTION: On his body.

SPELL:With the pain of birth, the fractured womb, I curse you.

ROW 2, PANEL 5: On the sunlit Lulach smiling.

NO CAPTION NO SFX.

ROW 3, PANEL 6:	Macbeth is under the covers, getting ready to fall asleep. Smertae's hand reaches into his face and brain. Macbeth looks concerned but is not in the pain he should be expressing. Smertae doesn't look at him; she can't bring herself to.

CAPTION:	On his mind.

SPELL:With the panic of the final breath, as you sink beneath the loch, I curse you.

ROW 3, PANEL 7:	Smertae puts her head in her hands, trying not to cry.

CAPTION:	And for that, I am truly sorry.

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PANEL 1:	DOUBLE-PAGE SPLASH

Two armies clash!  We see Macbeth on horseback, steed rearing and sword out. Macdonwald on the other side of the page with the same attitude. But everything else is a tangle of swords and flesh. Only the nobles have any armor. This is not a glamorous fight. This is a bunch of dudes getting trampled and knifed in the mud. [NOTE: The insets don't have to be shown in the larger splash page. It's a nice to have but not needed.] Smertae stands next to Macbeth, but she's barely visible in the hubbub.

MACBETH:	Onward!  To glory or to Hell!

CAPTION:	There are no words but horror now as Macbeth charges into battle to face Macdonwald.

INSET - The soldier Cait cursed with moss-like infection is in the mud, a great wound in his gut that's already starting to putrefy.

INSET - A man with a lance falls off his horse as its harness breaks where Smertae touched it.

INSET - The man who saw himself get stabbed in the eye is fighting wildly, but he does, indeed, get stabs in the eye (though by a different weapon).

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PANEL 1: Macbeth's horse has an arrow in its leg and several in its chest. The horse starts to fall. Smertae calmly steps aside. Harpier is in her hair.

CAPTION: All our little machinations force a good man toward his death. As surely as the tide.

PANEL 2: Macbeth struggles to get out from beneath his fallen horse, which has blood coming from its mouth. A common soldier tries to help him up. Smertae watches.

NO CAPTION, NO SFX

PANEL 3: The soldier suddenly has a sword sticking through his gut as Macbeth stands. Macbeth is shocked but already moving his shield to protect him. Smertae watches.

CAPTION: To place a greedy little boy upon a throne he did not earn.

PANEL 4: Macbeth sees Macdonwald, step off his horse. This is it. The world seems to fade around them. Smertae watches.

NO CAPTION, NO SFX

[NOTE: Think it could be neat to have this fight scene play on an empty back-ground as if the rest of the world melted away.]

PANEL 1: Macbeth charges at Macdonwald, sword swinging to the side.

CAPTION: To unify a trinity that cast me out.

PANEL 2: SMALL - Macbeth's sword hits Macdonwald's shield and SNAPS!

SFX: TNK!

PANEL 3: Macdonwald stabs Macbeth in the shoulder.

NO CAPTION, NO SFX

PANEL 4: SMALL - Macbeth's armor breaks.

SFX: SQUSH

PANEL 5: Smertae watches furious.

NO CAPTION, NO SFX

PANEL 6: Macbeth see the killing blow coming, anguished.

MACDONWALD: Your fight is over, Macbeth.

PANEL 7: Macdonwald stands triumphant ready to bring his sword down on Macbeth's head.

MACBETH (small): No...

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[Note: This page is back in the real world.]

PANEL 1: Smertae's face is overlaid on Macbeth's a ghostly sword completing where his broken sword ends.

SMERTAE/MACBETH: The fight is never over...

PANEL 2: BIG PANEL - With one massive swing Macbeth/Smertae cut Macdonwald almost in half.

SMERTAE/MACBETH: ...until I DECLARE IT!

PANEL 3: CLOSE ON SMERTAE - With only the barest trace of Macbeth under her. She looks shocked and frightened.

CAPTION: This is how I am undone.

END ISSUE